

The Chorus Lady.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK AND ITS THEATRICAL LIFE.

By James Forbes.

This Novelization of "The Chorus Lady" Was Made

By John W. Harding.

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SYNOPSIS OF PENDING CHAPTERS.

Dan Mallory, a Virginia home trainer, is a girl whose father is associated with the business. Times are hard, and Mallory takes as partner a rich New Yorker named Crawford. Crawford comes to the Virginia stables. There he meets and is attracted by Nora O'Brien, Patricia's sister, a pretty, selfless girl, who goes to go on the stage. Nora has lost a \$500 note, "The Shamrock," which she had given to a boy, who had been to the stables. Another stableboy, known as "The Horse," is hopelessly in love with Nora. Patricia takes a dislike to Crawford. The latter offers to pay the wages. Patricia comes home. She quarrels with Nora over the latter's desire to go on the stage. Mallory asks Patricia to marry him at once and she declines to wait until his fortunes improve. Patricia catches Crawford kissing Nora. To save the girl from his hands Patricia declines to take her to New York and set her a position as chorus girl.

CHAPTER IX.

Into the Whirlpool.

PATRICIA was a girl whose brain worked quickly and enabled her to take in situations and form decisions instantly. When she had surprised Nora and Crawford she had immediately concluded that her sister would be safer under her own supervision and that the sooner she took her with her the better. It was no light responsibility that she had undertaken. She realized this when she had a chance to think of the change in her own life. The step would mean. But she was not of the stuff to shrink her duty as she saw it, whatever inconvenience or sacrifice it might entail.

It would have been easy enough to surround Nora with all necessary safeguards as far as Crawford was concerned by simply informing her parents and Mallory of what she had seen and warning them against the New Yorker.



Patsy Got Her Into the Chorus of a Broadway Show.

Crawford never would have had another chance to get near her. But there were other things to consider. In the first place, it would be highly injudicious at this critical stage of Mallory's affairs to risk jeopardizing his chances of success by causing at the very outset unpleasantness between him and the partner upon whose assistance he counted to get him out of the hole in which he found himself. She knew Dan and her father. Their rugged honesty would brook no liberties with the women folk of "their" family. Therefore she would keep to herself the knowledge of what she had witnessed.

Grave Doubts.

Secondly—and this weighed with her more than anything else—there was Nora's display of temper, with its divulgence of her intentions and its disclosure of her independent tendencies. It had opened Patricia's eyes to the fact that the girl was wearing an age when she would enfranchise herself from control and seek to win her own way in the world. For this spirit she could not find it in her heart to reproach her, although it had tumbled over like a house of cards the edifice of home-staying ease and felicity she had built for her hopes. Had she not done the very same thing herself? But, as she had told her parents, she very much doubted Nora's ability to take care of herself in a world where no ordinary courage and strength of mind were needed not only to succeed, but to keep from temptation. The salary which from the distance of their country home loomed large was in her profession, especially in New York, disconcertingly meagre.

Nora had looked forward apprehensively to the inevitable interview with Patsy. She wondered what the latter would do in regard to the incident of the kiss. Would she tell their parents? And if so, what would happen? She had a positive dread of "nones" and of being lectured. She was immensely relieved when Patsy informed her that she would say nothing about it, and why she had reached this decision. Nora passed the matter off lightly and blamed it all on Crawford. "I didn't know that he was going to do it, and I couldn't prevent him," she declared. She treated it all as a joke and laughed about it. She did not, however, mention the wages that was won in advance, nor the fact that he had handed her his card.

Off for New York.

Patsy took advantage of the opportunity to give her some sound advice and to enlighten her a little as to the dangers which thereafter would beset her, but she was too excitedly happy at the prospect of the future to dwell just then at too great length or too seriously upon these things, and the girls sat up far into the night discussing their plans.

Two days later found them in New York eager to start in and do. They had arrived just at the right time, for Patsy, who was well known, obtained an engagement to lead the chorus of a new production at one of the Broadway theatres, and after putting Nora through her paces, which the novice found to be much harder work than she had had any idea of, procured for her a place in the same chorus. This was something Patsy had hoped, but hardly expected, to be able to do. Decidedly things were coming her way.

Everything was turning out as she had wished. Her anxiety on the question of money having been relieved, as both were desirous of salaries in a place that bid very fair to have an extended run, she was able to take up in a practical manner the matter of getting together her long coveted home. Nora was only mildly enthusiastic about taking a flat. She had associated her career on the stage with life in a hotel or comfortable boarding-house where she would be waited on and there would be no work to do. The prospect of having to keep house was not particularly attractive to her. She hated housework.

"Wabble His Lamps!"

But the modest place where they boarded fell very short indeed of her expectations of what was in store for her when she left Maple Grove, and the meals made her yearn for a taste of her mother's cooking—for something fit to eat, as she put it.

They had never engaged in such

The Newlyweds & Their Baby

By George McManus.



Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

A Fair Chance.

Dear Betty: I HAVE been keeping company with a young man for over a year. He neither drinks nor smokes and I have found him to be a perfect gentleman in every respect. I can positively find no fault with him except that he is a barber. My friends have expressed themselves strongly on people in this trade, saying that there wasn't one trade, saying that there wasn't one good one among them. Do you think this is so, and ought I give up the young man for this reason? I. R.

Inexcusably Rude.

SOME time ago I became acquainted with a young man. He went West. We have been corresponding ever since, and he claims he loves me. His letters of late speak as if he had a claim on me. He has never proposed to me, nor told me that he loved

A Simple Salad.

CABBAGE scorned as plebeian takes on an air as a salad. Not cold slaw or hot slaw, but a crisp, easily mixed salad with French dressing.

Cut the cabbage with fine grater and put it in ice water for an hour before serving. Dry on a clean napkin, and cover with a highly seasoned French dressing about ten minutes before serving.

If a clove of garlic is rubbed over the bowl in which the dressing is made the flavor is much improved for many persons.

While one would not serve this salad at a formal meal, it makes an appetizing lunch dish.

me except in a letter. He promised that he would be here in New York this summer, but now he writes: "Why should I come back to New York to see you?" I have been very faithful to him and have not gone out with any other young man since he went away.

I know absolutely nothing about him, as I only went out the once with him. Do you think I am wasting my time with him? STENO.

His manner of writing you was inexcusably rude, and if you have allowed your affections to become engaged, it augurs badly for your happiness. Can you learn nothing about him from the people through whom you met him? Do not let the matter go on until you learn something definite about his character, and ask an explanation of his remark.



THE professor is asking his intelligent pupils to demonstrate how the seven pieces contained in the square diagram may be rearranged so as to form a six-pointed star, similar in form to the small star shown in the upper corner. Cut out the seven pieces and see if you can prove the professor's proposition.

A World-Old Story.

Dear Betty: I AM madly in love. I proposed a short time ago and was rejected. My life has been miserable ever since. I have tried my best to forget her but find it impossible. My mental agony is almost unendurable. Can you suggest a way to relieve my mind of this awful strain?

IN DESPAIR.

Time and work are the only cures for unrequited love. The first is slow, but it heals all wounds at last. Immediate help is to be found only in plunging into constant and absorbing work, leaving no time for brooding. Occupy your leisure in the study of the griefs of others less privileged than you. Join the work of helping others.

Velvet as a Cleaner.

DON'T throw away your scraps of velvet. They can be used as cleaners for all sorts of things.

Any one who has tried to keep a velvet hat or frock clean does not need to be told it is a dust collector. This trying trait may be turned to account.

A bit of velvet is a fine polisher for brass. It quickly removes the dust from woodwork, or shoes soiled from walking which do not need reblacking.

One housekeeper even uses a big piece of old velvet to rub her stove to a high polish after it has been blacked.

For dusting a felt hat there is nothing better than a piece of chiffon velvet. It is also good to keep the bottom of a silk skirt free from dirt.

John Henry

Blows Into a Rube Hotel and Finds It All Very Funny.

By George V. Hobart

(Hugh McHugh.)

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DEAR BUNCH: I'm doing a hot foot over the State for the insurance company I've hooked up with, and I'm having the time of my life—believe me not.

Say, aren't some of these Rube benches the woosy limit?

I blew into the Commercial House at Spoonbury day before yesterday, and His Nobs, the hotel clerk, certainly staked me to a fine bundle of homemade laughs.

Spoonbury is a railroad junction where careless people change cars and wait for the other train.

I fell for this "change cars" gag and went over to the Commercial House to kill time.

I was deep in conversation with Steve Spieson, the hotel clerk, when an old guy with Persian rug trimmings on the end of his chin sagged up and began to let a peep out of him about the pie he had eaten for dinner.

"Claim yourself!" said Smiling Steve, "and tell me where it bit you."

Steve has been throwing keys at the wall for some time, and he knows how to burn the beavers.

"I'll see the proprietor," said the old guy, moving away with a face on him like \$4 in bad money.

"We got it good and plenty every day," said Steve, and just then something about six feet tall, wearing a slouch hat and a gilt mustache, fell against the counter, grabbed the register and buried a stub pen in its pages.

"Bath?" queried Steve.

"Only during a hot wave," said Skate, as I named him.

"American or European?" asked Steve.

"Neither," said Skate. "Don't you see I'm from Jersey City?"

"Going to be with us long?" inquired Steve.

"Say, bub! you're hellanell on asking questions, now, ain't you?" answered Skate. "You just push me into a stall and lock the gate—I'm tired."

Then Sweet William, the Boy Drummer, hopped into the ring for the next round.

Willie peddles pickles for the fun he gets out of it.

With a bum automobile, and when he came down he was several sections shy.

They found a monkey-wrench imbedded in his left shoulder which he couldn't remember using when he tried to fix the machine.

She was travelling for his health.

"My room is immediately over the kitchen," she informed Steve.

"The cook hasn't made a kick up to now," Steve went back at her.

"But they've been frying onions ever since we took the room yesterday afternoon," she snapped.

"Yes, madam," chorled smiling Steve. "This is a local option town, and the onion is the only pickle that's allowed to appear in public."

She started a get-back, but her indignation choked her, so she gave Steve the society stink with both eyes and flounced out.

Just then a couple of troupers trailed in.

They were with the "Bandit's Bride" company, and the way had been long and weary.

"What have you got—double?" asked the villain of the piece.

"Two dollars and up!" said Steve.

"To the towpath!" said Barrett Macready; "we're outside the lifelines. We thought it was the Liverwurst Hotel, where they throw things at your appetite for \$1 a day, double. To the left, wheel! Forward, march!"

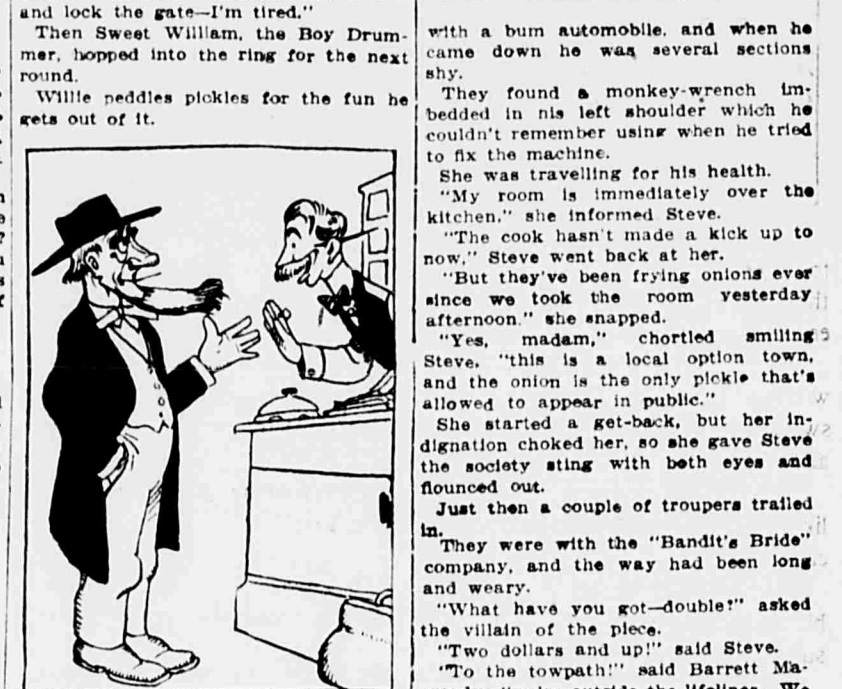
"It wouldn't have been so bad if the show had gone to pieces in some burg where the people have insomnia in the daytime," the juvenile growled. "But here, Mike, the men go to work in their pajamas, and the town hasn't any street cars because the conductor's bell sounds so much like an alarm clock, and it might wake the Mayor."

I think that will hold you for tonight, Bunch. It's enough for me, and if I'm strong enough tomorrow I'll hand you the balance. Same as ever.

"Strange," said Willie; "my lady friends are very remiss, aren't they?"

J. H.

Sweet William, the Boy Drummer.



The Old Guy With the Tapestry Chin-Piece.

It is Willie's joy and delight to get a ginger-ale bun on the recipe "Oster Joe."

When trained down to \$6 flat, Willie can get up and beat the clapper off "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night."

"Any mail?" inquired Willie.

All the mail that Willie ever gets is a postal card from the pickle factory every two weeks asking him if the people along his route have all lost their appetites.

"No literature for you," Steve answered.

"Strange," said Willie; "my lady friends are very remiss, aren't they?"

J. H.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

BORDER material

designs are in constant demand. Here are two attractive yet absolutely simple over waists, which can be made either from bordered material or from banding or from the beautiful ribbons that are treated in much the same way. The upper design includes narrow sleeves that are cut in one with it and, as shown, is made from bordered foulard. The lower waist is somewhat simpler in effect and sleeveless, consequently showing more of the gumpie worn beneath. As illustrated, the material is cretonne, trimmed with little gold buttons.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for the upper over waist, 3-4 yards of bordered material 12 inches wide; for the lower, 3-4 yards 9 inches wide; or if plain material is used either over waist will require 17-8 yards of material 21 or 24 1/4 yards 32 or 1 yard 44 inches wide.

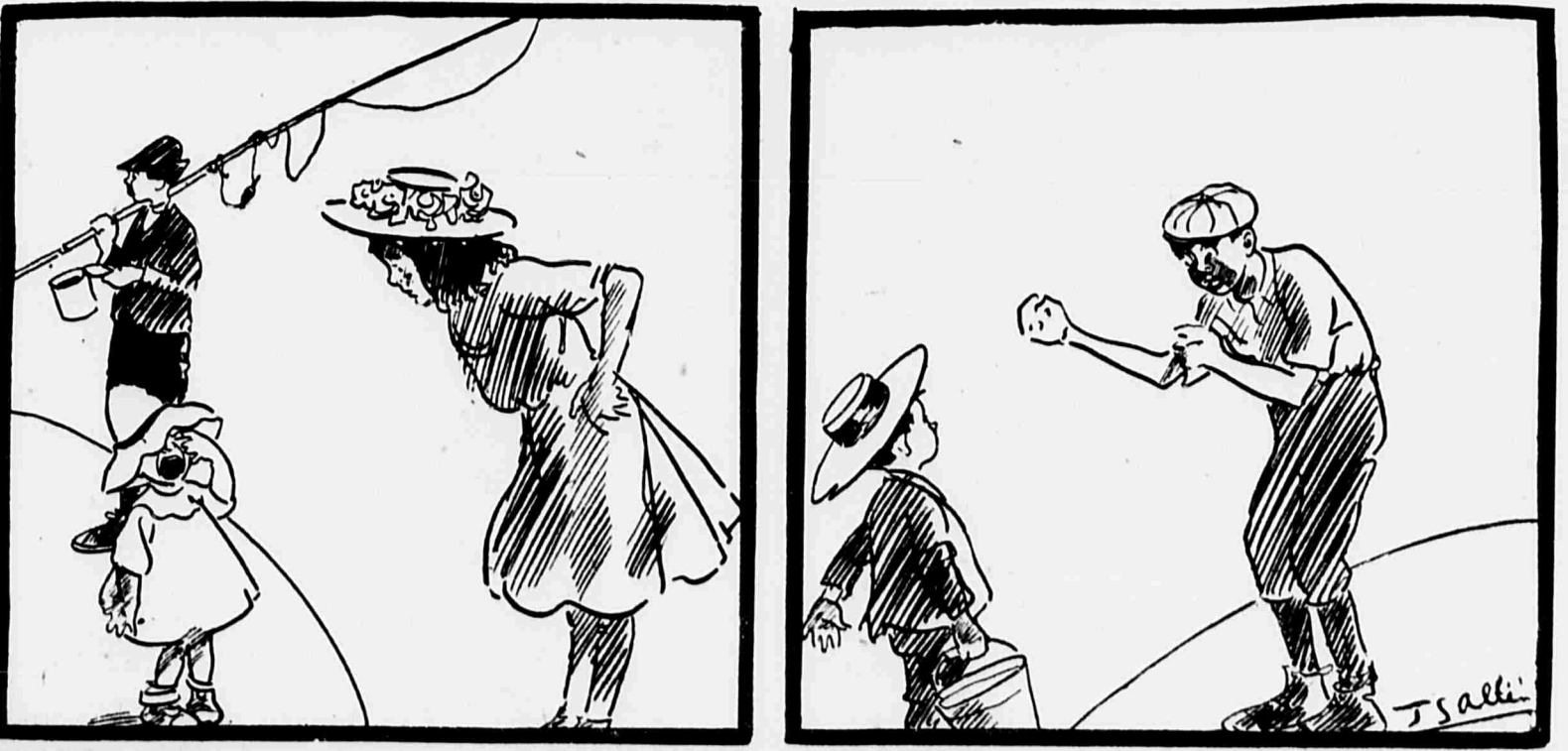
Pattern No. 6011. Cut in three sizes—small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38 and large 40 or 42 inches bust.



Over Waists—Pattern No. 6011.

Just Kids.

By T. S. Allen.



"What's that?"

"Boohoo, me big brother said de next time he went fishin' I could go along an spit on de bait, an' how he says I can't!"

"Don't yer wanten help me carry dis, Jimmy?"

"I cassin't do it, Willie; I've taken so much exercise now, dat I'm afraid I'm gittin' muscle bound."

An Antidote for Ingersoll.

COL. INGERSOLL was to speak in a Western town. As an antidote the good people announced for the following night: "An Answer to Ingersoll!" Circulars were even scattered about the hall the night before, and one was handed to Ingersoll by mistake as he made his way toward the platform.

He was fairly into his subject, when a mule attached to one of the vehicles about the entrance opened up an opposition after the manner of mules. Ingersoll paused, listened intently till the music ceased for an instant, then, shaking a menacing finger in the direction whence the sound had come, he cried:

"Hold on there! You stop! Can't you play fair? This is my evening! You are advertised for to-morrow night!"

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 125 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 12 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify what wanted.